

• WILLINGHAM • BUCKINGHAM • LEIALOHA •

VERTIGO

# FABLES

Aug '11

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suggested for mature readers



# DOWNFALL

## CHAPTER FIVE of *SUPER TEAM*

MY DEAR MISTER NORTH.

YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT ME?

I THOUGHT YOU *CARED* FOR THESE MISERABLE LITTLE PEOPLE.

DON'T YOU REALIZE A BATTLE BETWEEN TWO SUCH AS WE WOULD *CRUMBLE* THIS FRAIL WORLD IN ITS WAKE?

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*editor*

I KNOW THAT, DULADAN.

WHICH IS WHY I SAID I'D NO INTENTIONS TO MAKE A FIGHT OF IT.

I'M SIMPLY GOING TO KILL YOU.

YRRK!





FIRST WE'LL  
TAKE YOU UP INTO MY  
REALM, SO EVEN THE  
SLIGHTEST BRUSH OF  
YOUR DEATH CAN'T  
TOUCH THE WORLD  
BELOW.


ARE YOU--  
LUNG!--ARE YOU  
MAD?!



WE COULD BOTH DIE HERE!


EXACTLY.





THERE'S ONLY  
ONE WAY I COULD  
FORSAKE MY VOW  
TO KILL MY  
GRANDSON.

DEATH  
CANCELS ALL  
OBLIGATIONS.



IT ENDS HERE  
FOR **BOTH** OF US,  
IN MY FIRST REALM  
OF ELEMENTAL ICE  
AND WIND.

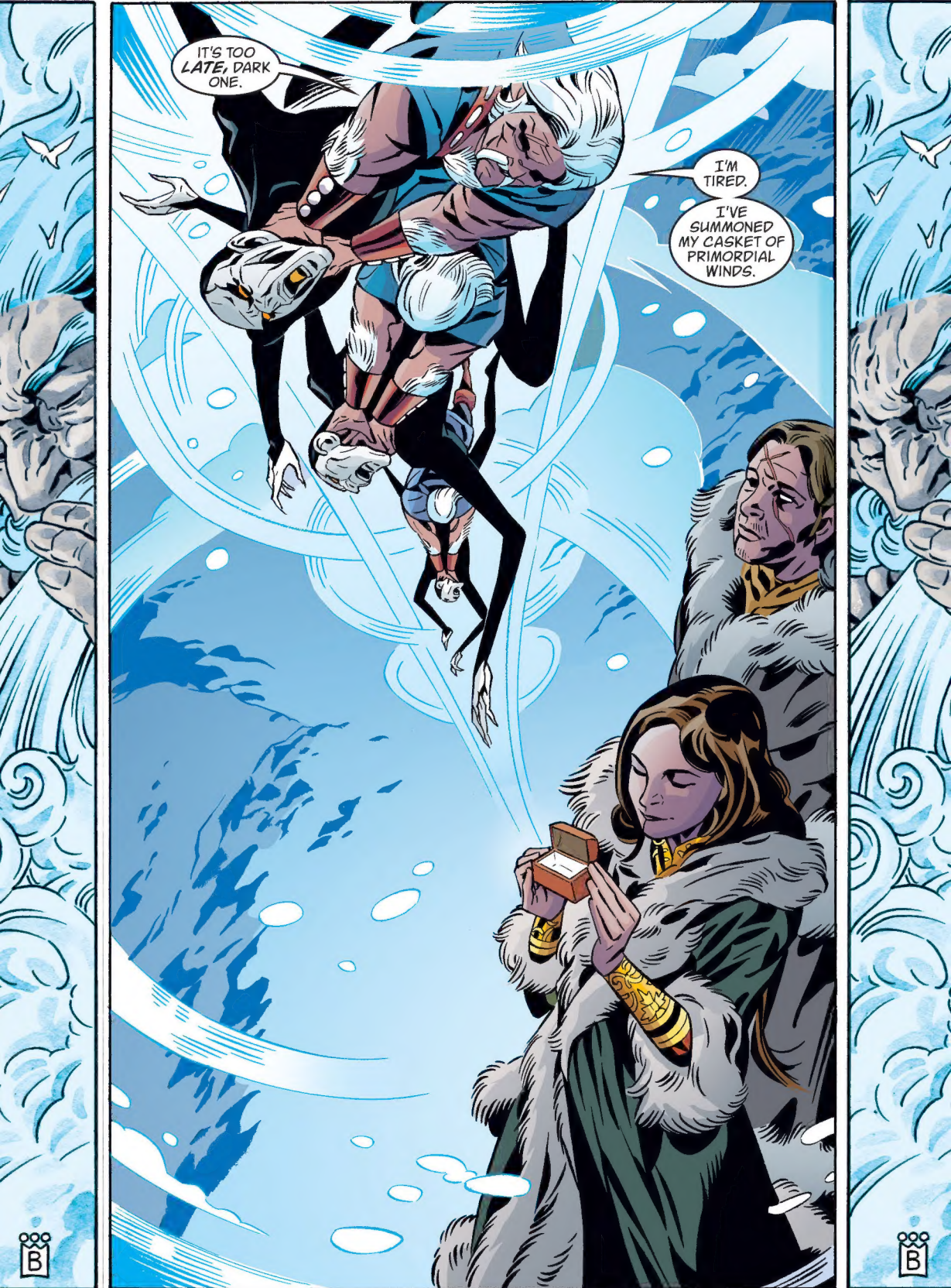
**STOP!**

YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO **DO**  
THIS!

YOU'VE  
**WON!**

**I RELENT!**

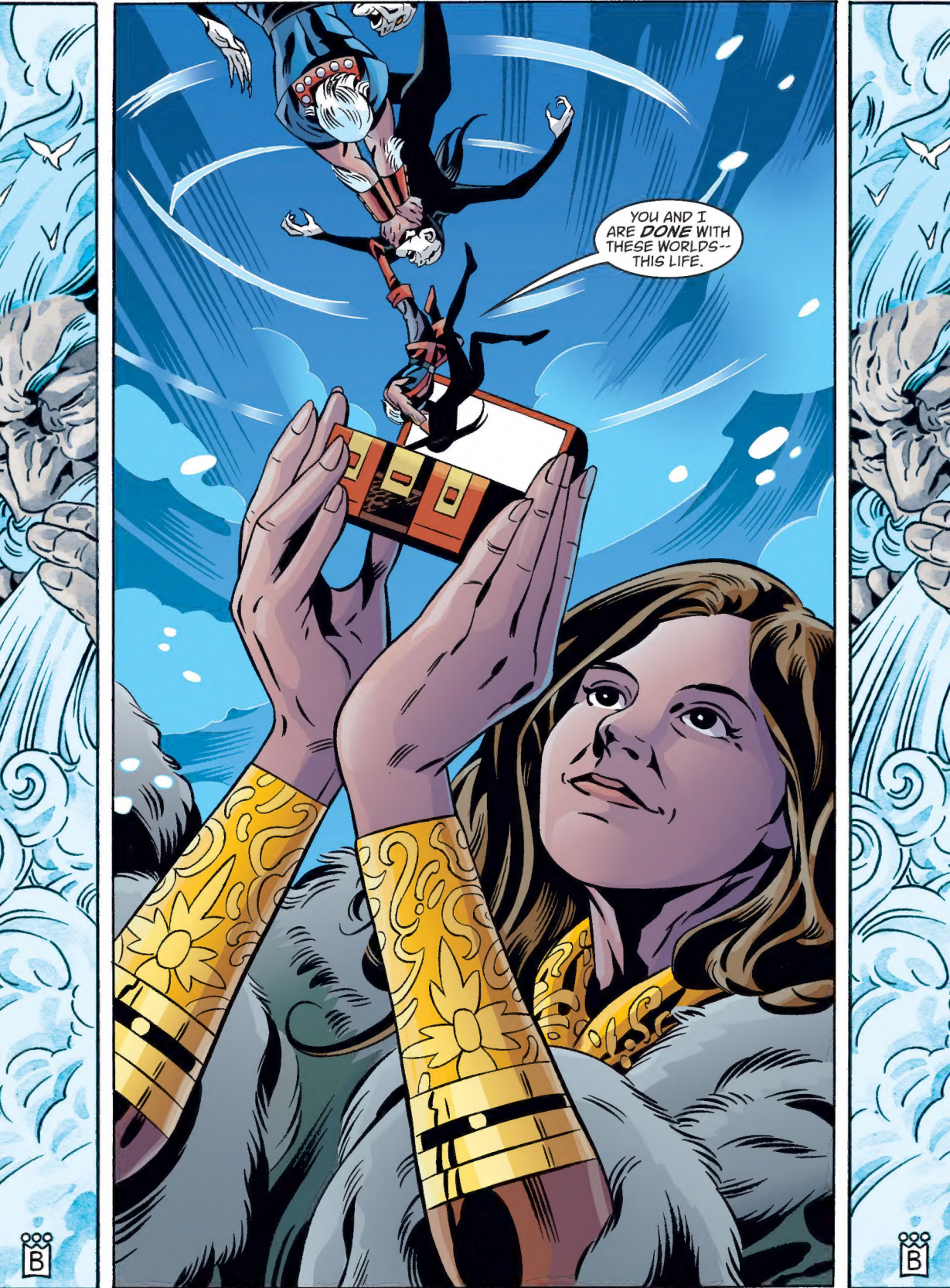
I'LL FORSWEAR  
ALL VENGEANCE AGAINST  
THOSE FABLES, AND ANYONE  
**ELSE YOU SAY!**

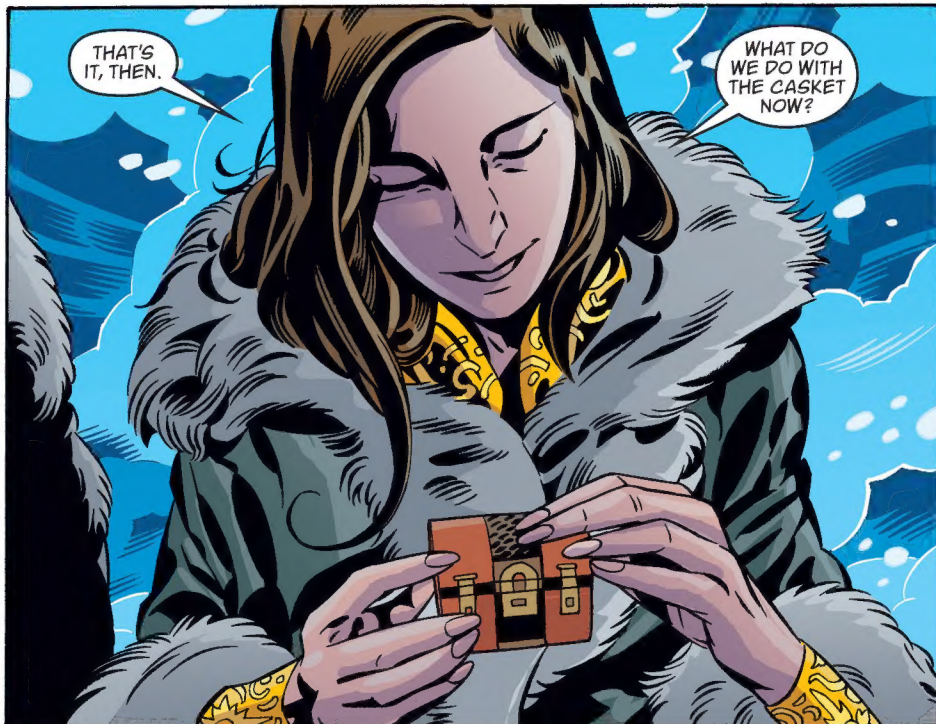


IT'S TOO LATE, DARK ONE.

I'M TIRED.  
I'VE SUMMONED MY CASKET OF PRIMORDIAL WINDS.







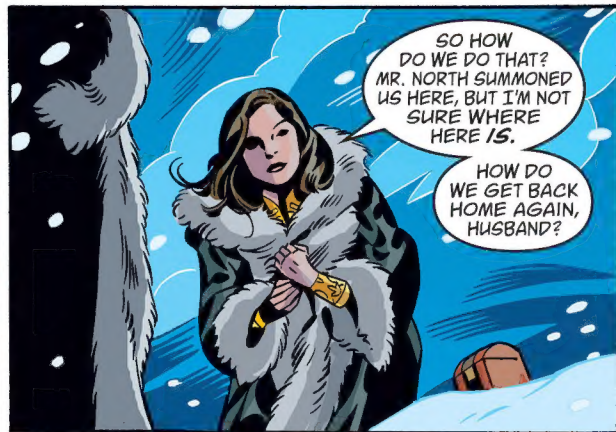
THAT'S IT, THEN.

WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE CASKET NOW?



I'M NOT SURE, BELLFLOWER. THIS IS A SITUATION *BEYOND* MY EXPERIENCE. I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD JUST LEAVE IT HERE AND GO.

I AGREE.



SO HOW DO WE DO THAT? MR. NORTH SUMMONED US HERE, BUT I'M NOT SURE WHERE *HERE IS*.

HOW DO WE GET BACK HOME AGAIN, HUSBAND?



UHM-- I'M NOT SURE.





IT'S DOWN!

WHAT?!

WHAT'S DOWN?



THE **BARRIER** PROTECTING US FROM OUTSIDERS!

IT JUST SHATTERED!



MISTER DARK IS LOOSE INSIDE HAVEN!

WE'RE AT WAR!



THEN--

--THAT MEANS THAT WE--



--WE ALL DIE NOW.

IT'S OVER.



TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

DEFEND YOUR KING AND YOUR KINGDOM!

OUT OF THE WAY, PEOPLE!

MAKE A HOLE!

I NEED TO GET TO THE GOLDEN ARMOR!

WAIT!



WHERE'S BIGBY?

HE LEFT EARLIER, HE--I THINK HE WENT OUT TO FIGHT THE THING ALONE!

WAIT!  
HE'S NOT HERE!



I KNOW! I JUST SAID THAT! I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT WHERE HE--

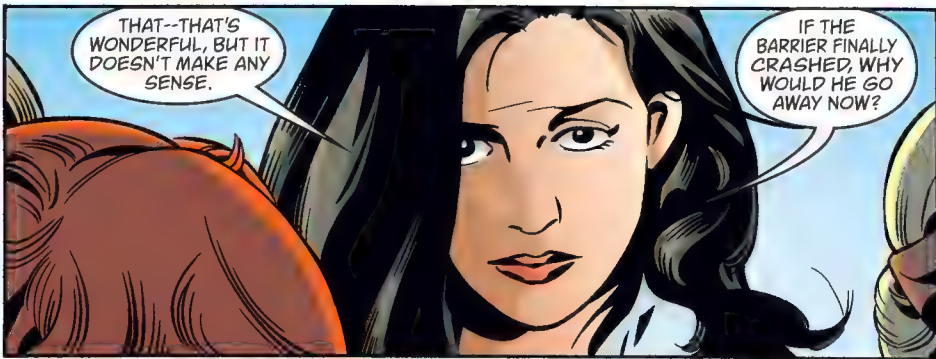
NO, NOT YOUR HUSBAND! MISTER DARK ISN'T HERE!



MISTER DARK IS GONE!

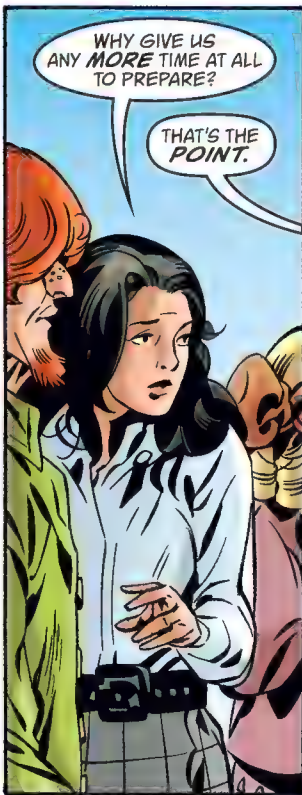
COMPLETELY!

NOT EVEN A HAIR OR WHISKER OF HIM!



THAT--THAT'S WONDERFUL, BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

IF THE BARRIER FINALLY CRASHED, WHY WOULD HE GO AWAY NOW?



WHY GIVE US ANY MORE TIME AT ALL TO PREPARE?

THAT'S THE POINT.



BIGBY!

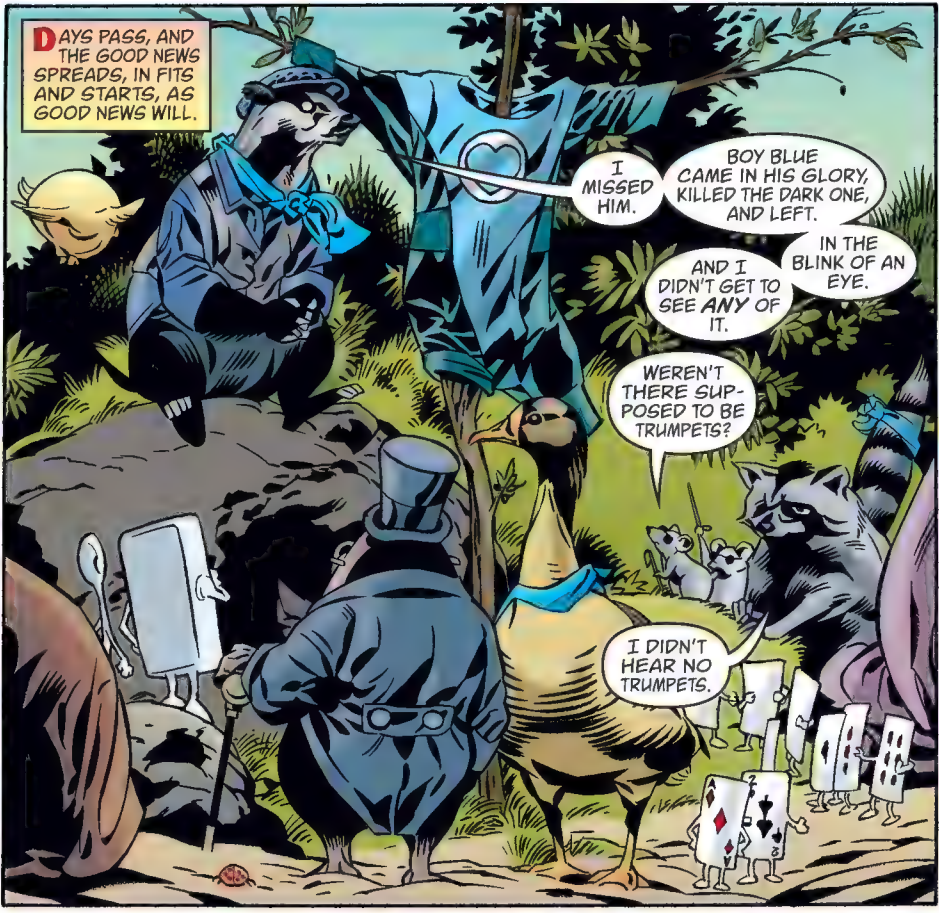
WHERE--?!

MISTER DARK DIDN'T GO AWAY. HE WAS TAKEN AWAY.

MY DAD--

I THINK MY DAD KILLED HIM.

**D**AYS PASS, AND THE GOOD NEWS SPREADS, IN FITS AND STARTS, AS GOOD NEWS WILL.



I MISSED HIM.

BOY BLUE CAME IN HIS GLORY, KILLED THE DARK ONE, AND LEFT.

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

AND I DIDN'T GET TO SEE ANY OF IT.

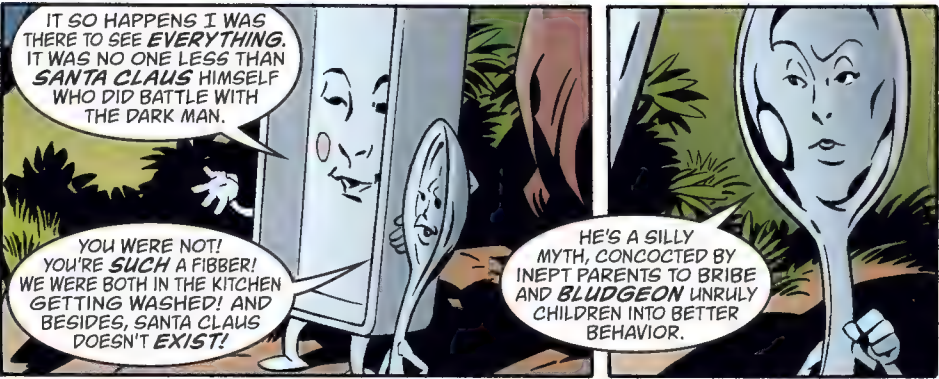
WEREN'T THERE SUPPOSED TO BE TRUMPETS?

I DIDN'T HEAR NO TRUMPETS.



WAS IT REALLY BOY BLUE WHO DID HIM IN? I HEARD IT WAS **BIGBY**.


NOT AT ALL. IT SEEMS **BIGBY** WAS HIDING IN THE MAGIC WOODS THE ENTIRE TIME. APPARENTLY THE FELLOW ISN'T **NEARLY** AS BRAVE AS HIS REPUTATION WOULD SUGGEST.



IT SO HAPPENS I WAS THERE TO SEE **EVERYTHING**. IT WAS NO ONE LESS THAN **SANTA CLAUS** HIMSELF WHO DID BATTLE WITH THE DARK MAN.

YOU WERE NOT! YOU'RE **SUCH** A FIBBER! WE WERE BOTH IN THE KITCHEN GETTING WASHED! AND BESIDES, **SANTA CLAUS** DOESN'T EXIST!

HE'S A SILLY MYTH, CONCOCTED BY INEPT PARENTS TO BRIBE AND **BLUDGEON** UNRULY CHILDREN INTO BETTER BEHAVIOR.



SO THAT'S IT, THEN.

NO HEROIC SACRIFICE AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS.

NO NEED FOR A SUPER TEAM AT ALL.

AND NO NEED FOR *ME*. I THOUGHT DEFEATING MISTER DARK WAS GOING TO BE *MY* GREAT TASK-- MY JUSTIFICATION FOR TAKING OVER THE WITCHES OF THE 13TH FLOOR.



BUT IT TURNS OUT I WAS NEVER **DESTINED** TO BE PART OF IT.

WHAT'S **DESTINY** GOT TO DO WITH IT? YOU DON'T REALLY THINK EVERYTHING'S PREORDAINED, DO YOU?

I THINK THERE ARE PLANS AND POSSIBILITIES-- OPPORTUNITIES CREATED SO THAT WE CAN **RISE** TO THE OCCASION.

OR **FAIL** TO.

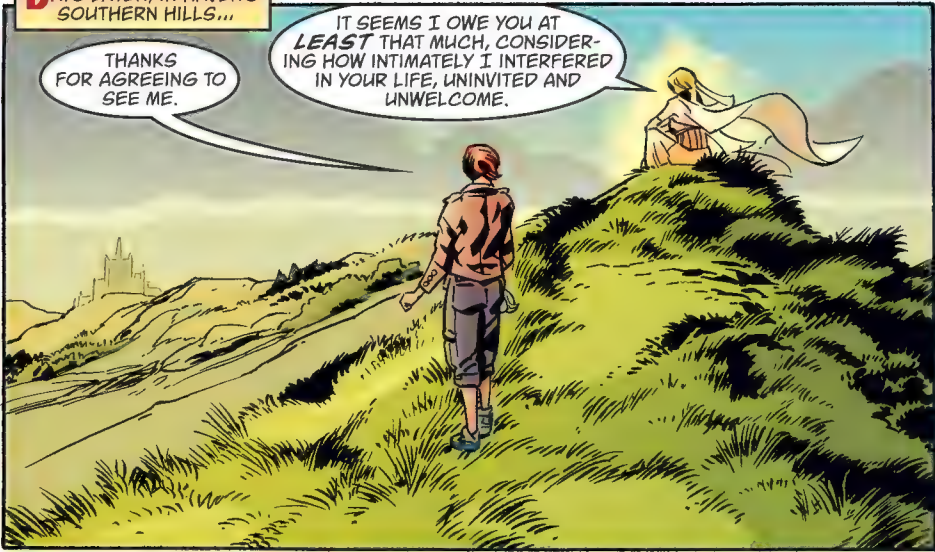
IF SO, THEN LET ME KNOW WHO'S **REALLY** PULLING THE STRINGS. I WANT TO **TALK** TO THAT BASTARD ABOUT MY CRAPPY-ASSED, NONEXISTENT **LOVE LIFE**.

BECAUSE, IF SOMEONE **IS** IN CHARGE, HE REALLY SEEMS TO HAVE ONE GIANT NUT AGAINST ME.

DAYS LATER, IN HAVEN'S SOUTHERN HILLS...

THANKS FOR AGREEING TO SEE ME.

IT SEEMS I OWE YOU AT LEAST THAT MUCH, CONSIDERING HOW INTIMATELY I INTERFERED IN YOUR LIFE, UNINVITED AND UNWELCOME.



STILL, YOU *DID* NEED TO GET OUT OF BED. TOO MANY FOLKS COUNTING ON YOU.

WHY?

YOU MADE IT SOUND LIKE I NEEDED TO ACCOMPLISH SOME GREAT THING.



BUT I DIDN'T DO MUCH OF ANYTHING. ONCE AGAIN I WAS ON THE SIDELINES.

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO, ROSE?

IF YOU'D NOT STEPPED IN WHEN YOU DID, AND TAKEN CHARGE, THE FARM WOULD *NEVER* HAVE COME TOGETHER IN TIME TO EVACUATE TO HAVEN.



THE DARK ONE WOULD HAVE CAUGHT ALL OF YOU THERE, HELPLESS.

YOU SEE? *YOURS* WAS THE ONE IMPORTANT LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT SAVED EVERYONE.

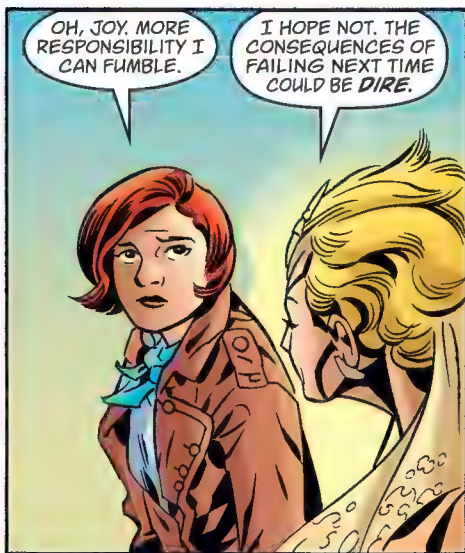
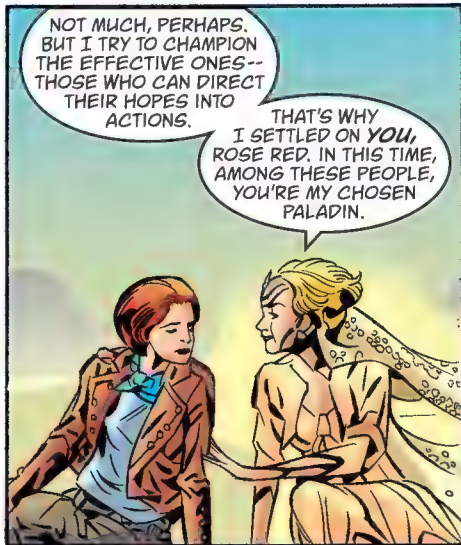


MAYBE SO, BUT IT *STILL* DOESN'T SEEM LIKE MUCH.

THAT'S SO OFTEN THE CASE. THE INTACT *MAIL* SELDOM GETS TO REALIZE THE VITAL ROLE HE PLAYS IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS, AND *NEVER* GETS ANY CREDIT.







"HARD TO SAY. ONE POSSIBILITY IS THAT YOU HURT ONLY YOURSELF, AND END UP MORE OR LESS AT PEACE, RIGHT WHERE YOU THINK YOU BELONG.

ROSE  
RED

BELOVED BY ALL  
MAY SHE  
FIND PEACE  
AT LONG LAST

"OTHER POSSIBILITIES ARE MUCH WORSE."

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO HOPE FOR THE BEST.

BACK AT MID HAVEN...



SHOO!  
SHOO,  
NOW!

THIS ISN'T A  
TOY OR A JUNGLE  
GYM!



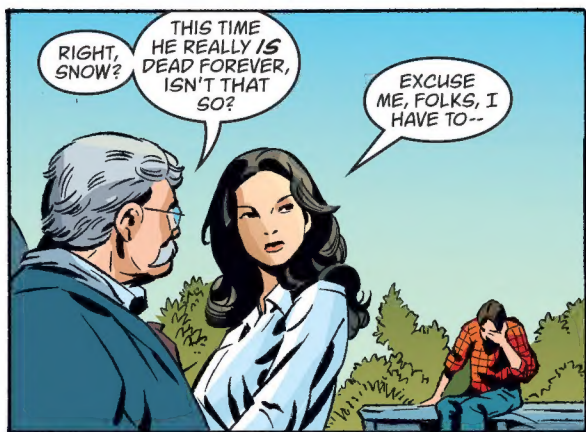
THIS IS *GLORIOUS!*  
COULDN'T HAVE WORKED  
OUT BETTER!

I HAVE TO  
AGREE WITH YOU  
THERE, KING COLE.  
TRUTH IS, I DIDN'T  
SEE ANY WAY OUT OF  
THIS FIX, *DESPITE*  
OUR DETERMINATION  
TO MAKE A FIGHT  
OF IT.



WE'LL HAVE TO START MAKING  
PLANS RIGHT *AWAY*, NOT ONLY  
TO RETURN TO THE FARM, BUT  
ALL THE WAY BACK TO  
FABLETOWN.

THIS TIME THERE'S  
*NO* POSSIBILITY OF THAT  
DARK FELLOW SHOWING  
UP TO SPOIL THE  
PARTY!



RIGHT,  
SNOW?

THIS TIME  
HE REALLY *IS*  
DEAD FOREVER,  
ISN'T THAT  
SO?

EXCUSE  
ME, FOLKS, I  
HAVE TO--



BIGBY?

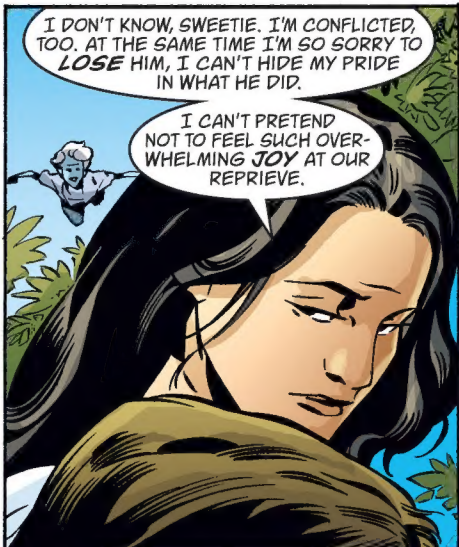
PEOPLE ARE  
BEGINNING TO WONDER  
WHERE YOU ARE. YOU'RE THE  
ONLY ONE *NOT* HAPPY--OR AT  
LEAST RELIEVED--AT THE  
WAY THINGS TURNED  
OUT.

WHY'D  
HE DO IT,  
SNOW?



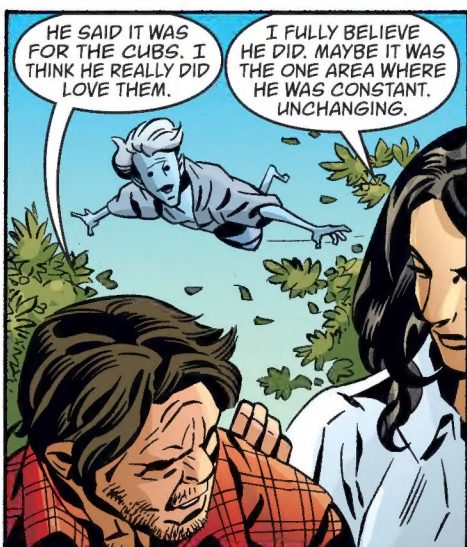
I HATED HIM FOR SO LONG. I WAS **RESIGNED** TO HAVING NO FATHER--COMFORTABLE WITH IT.

WHY'D HE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING SO **NOBLE**?



I DON'T KNOW, SWEETIE. I'M CONFLICTED, TOO. AT THE SAME TIME I'M SO SORRY TO **LOSE** HIM, I CAN'T HIDE MY PRIDE IN WHAT HE DID.

I CAN'T PRETEND NOT TO FEEL SUCH **OVERWHELMING JOY** AT OUR REPRIEVE.



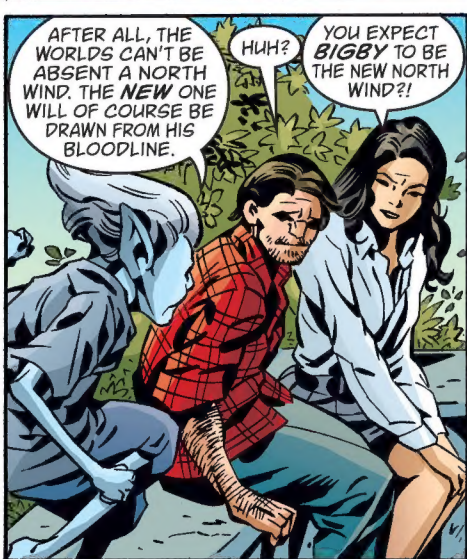
HE SAID IT WAS FOR THE CUBS. I THINK HE REALLY DID LOVE THEM.

I FULLY BELIEVE HE DID. MAYBE IT WAS THE ONE AREA WHERE HE WAS **CONSTANT**. UNCHANGING.



AH, **THERE** YOU ARE, BIGBY, SON OF BOREAS, THE MIGHTY BLOWHARD, THE DEVOURING ONE.

THE NORTH WIND IS **DEAD**, AND WE MUST MOURN HIS PASSING. BUT AFTER A SUITABLE TIME, WE MUST ALSO BE ABOUT THE BUSINESS OF CHOOSING HIS **SUCCESSOR**.



AFTER ALL, THE WORLDS CAN'T BE ABSENT A NORTH WIND. THE **NEW** ONE WILL OF COURSE BE DRAWN FROM HIS BLOODLINE.

HUH?

YOU EXPECT **BIGBY** TO BE THE NEW NORTH WIND?!



DON'T BE DAFT. HE'S **ENTIRELY** UNSUITABLE.

NO, WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE OUR CHOICE FROM AMONG YOUR **CHILDREN**, OF COURSE.

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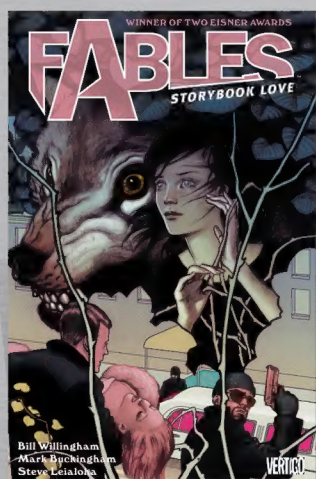
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- VOL. 11: WAR AND PIECES
- VOL. 12: THE DARK AGES
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- 1001 NIGHTS OF SNOWFALL



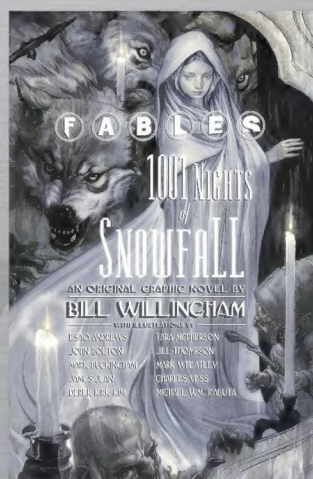
FABLES VOL. 3:  
STORYBOOK LOVE



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HOMELANDS

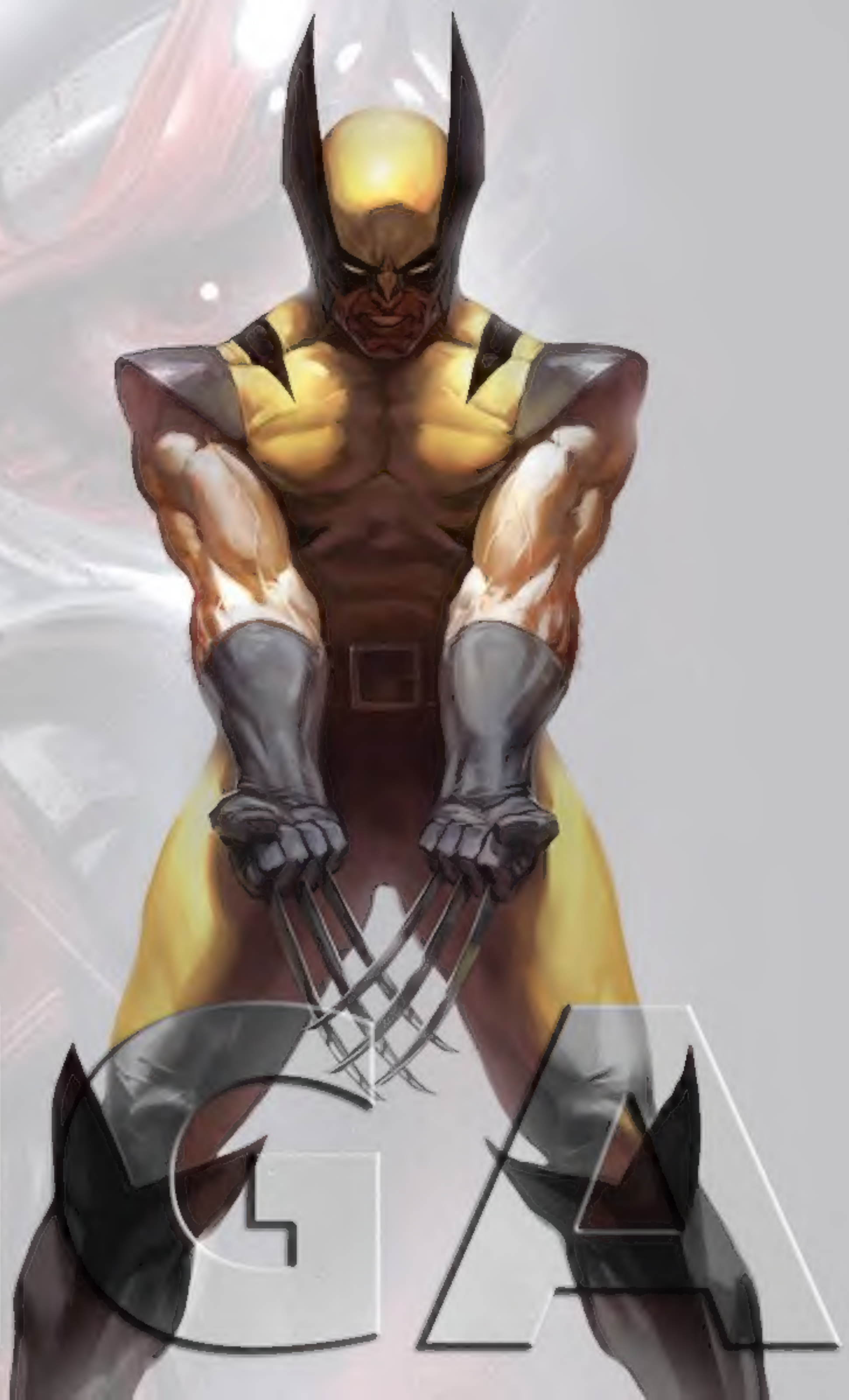


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